

DENMARK D.Kr. 23.50 ITALY Lire 3000 GERMANY Dm. 10.90 HOLLAND Fl. 8.25 FINLAND Mkk. 12.50 SPAIN Ptas. 300 \$3.25

85p

KNAVE

VOLUME 14 NUMBER 5

AMERICAN-
SEX FOR SALE

BULLS, BOYS,
GIRLS & BEDS!

BAD TASTE ROCK'N'ROLL

AND

SCHLOCK! HORROR! PROBE!



The question I am asked most is — what turns me on? Well, many things, but certainly one of them these days is reading some of your letters. I must confess that I don't much like the downright filth; people writing in to tell me how much they'd like to screw me, and how they 'wank' all over my photographs. It's not that I'm a prude, neither am I shocked. I can appreciate that, for some people, writing down that kind of language excites them — so writing it to me presumably excites them more. But I'm afraid it leaves me cold.

There are letters however that do affect me. Either because the words used — whatever they may be — are used honestly and sincerely, or just because I get the feeling that the person writing them is himself honest and sincere. And as long as I feel that way about it, my mail order lover can say anything he likes to me!

One letter this month had that affect on me, although I'm not saying who wrote it (the writer knows, don't you!). Anyway, the pictures this month are of me at my little desk at home where I read all my mail. And as a special treat I'm dedicating my strip to *that* letter writer. Thank you, and I hope this turns you on as much as your letter did me!

Another letter I received affected me deeply, though in a different way. I respect the privacy of this couple and won't even tell you their initials or hint at which part of the country they come from...

Usually a picture is worth a thousand words, but occasionally a few well chosen words deserve a picture or two. Especially in the case of one talented letter writer! Annette also deals with a young man on the short side, a teacher's pet and a lovelorn lady.

"Dear Annette,

We have been married for 25 years and my wife once had your plump, voluptuous and healthy frame... Sex for us now, however, is a past joy since my wife's operation. To make up for it I've adopted you — with her full permission and co-operation. Every month we take Knave and cut out your photographs and column, which remind us both of what used to be, but is not forgotten even if physical joy is now out.

My wife speaks often of how younger men might criticise your appearance, and how they might want to see more of the slim types who have bottle tops instead of a bosom, legs like goal posts and bodies that disappear when they turn sideways. But not for me, Annette! Your pictures only emphasise a mature woman's body beautiful — a sturdy and ample body that cries out for a cuddle."

As you know I'm here to answer your questions as best I can, though I've never really seen myself as an 'Agony Aunty'. I

don't have any qualifications apart from common sense, so any deep medical or psychological questions will probably be beyond me. But if I think I can help, I'm more than pleased to try. A case in point is the following letter.

"Dear Annette,

I am 18½ years of age, but unfortunately my prick is only 4" long fully erect. When it is slack it is 1½" long and sticks straight out. It is quite thick. I am afraid to go with young women in case they laugh at me. At the moment I am having sex with a middle-aged spinster who lives nearby. She seems quite satisfied.

My query, Annette, is — do you think girls nearer my own age would make fun of a 4" tool?

A.M., Stockport."

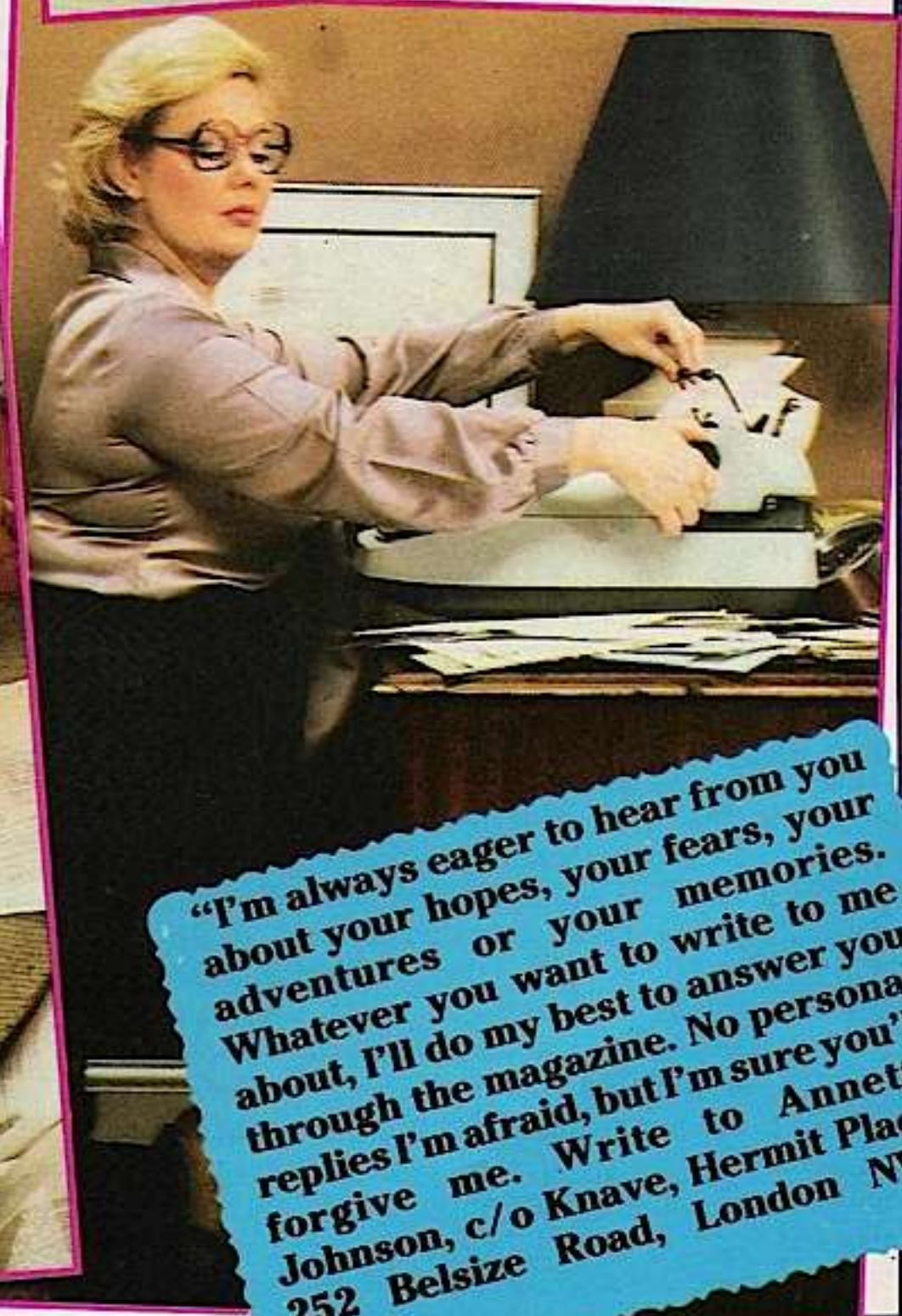
One thing about your letter worries me slightly, A.M. You say you are having sex with a middle aged woman at the moment. If so, surely this should have convinced you by now that you have nothing to worry about! Or are you trying to pretend to me that you are a man of the world, and inventing a lover to boost your confidence?

I'll assume your problem at least is genuine, and that you really do have the penis dimensions you mention. That's not your problem, though, your problem is in *thinking* that your cock isn't big enough. In fact it's a perfectly satisfactory instrument for giving you, and your lover, pleasure.

The thing is, Love, no matter how big or long a man may be, the fact remains that most women are no more than four







"I'm always eager to hear from you
 about your hopes, your fears, your
 adventures or your memories.
 Whatever you want to write to me
 about, I'll do my best to answer you
 through the magazine. No personal
 replies I'm afraid, but I'm sure you'll
 forgive me. Write to Annette
 Johnson, c/o Knave, Hermit Place,
 252 Belsize Road, London NW6
 4BT."



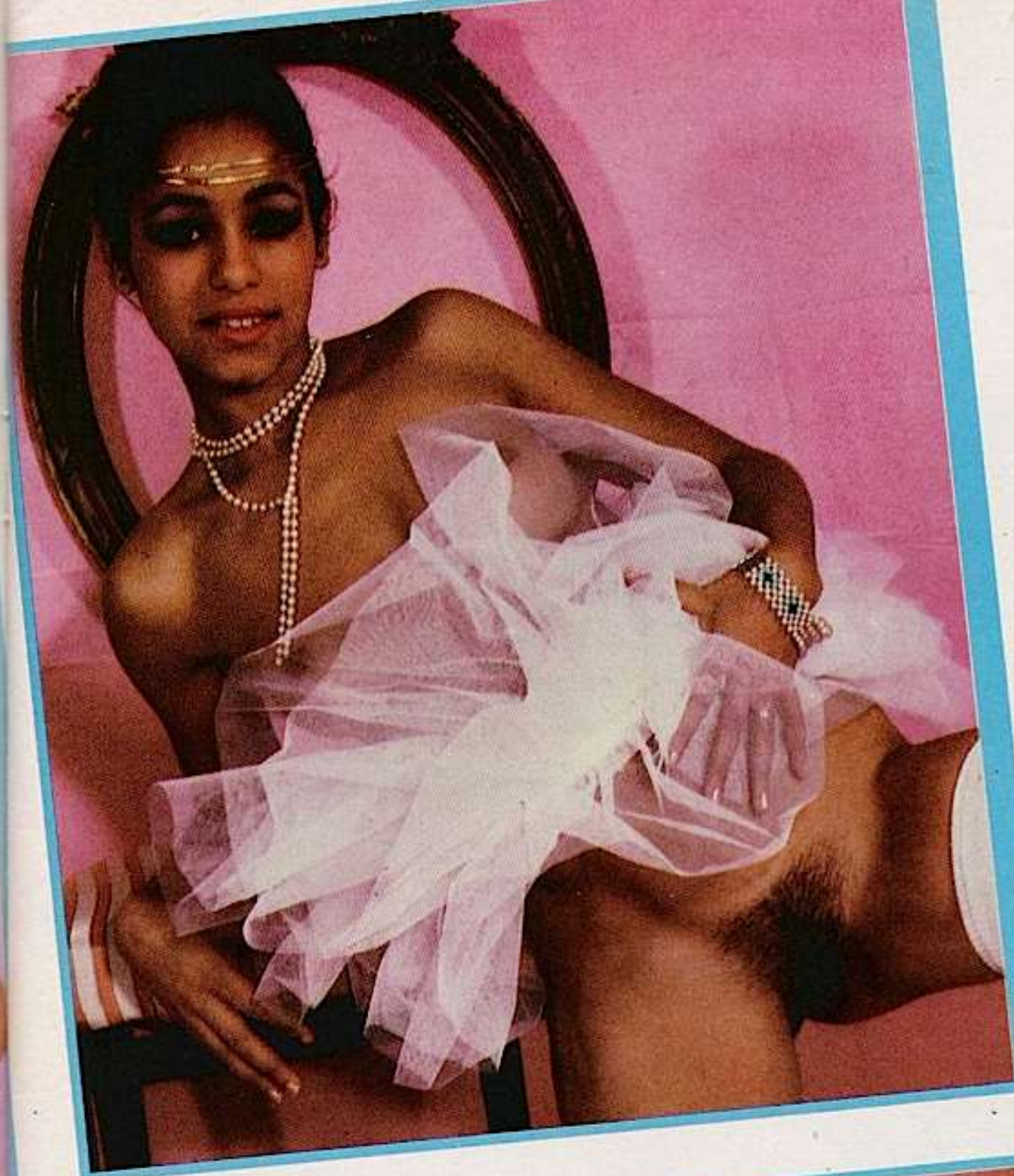
BOBBY-LOU

Devoted Knave readers will see at once that this Bobby-Lou is the very same Bobby-Lou who appeared three months ago in Vol. 14 No. 2. But for the benefit of new readers and amnesiac regulars . . . She's 18 years old, comes from



San Antonio, Texas, US of A, is currently romping round the flesh pots of Europe — and has a 'Hi y'all' drawl that makes Dallas sound like the BBC World Service. Further more — and this may well amaze you — she really does know her *pas de deux* from her *entre chat*. True, these days she's a semi-pro tennis player taking a break for a dose of Euroculture. But as a kid she was a fervent ballet buff. In the end she grew too fat (it's true, lady ballet dancers

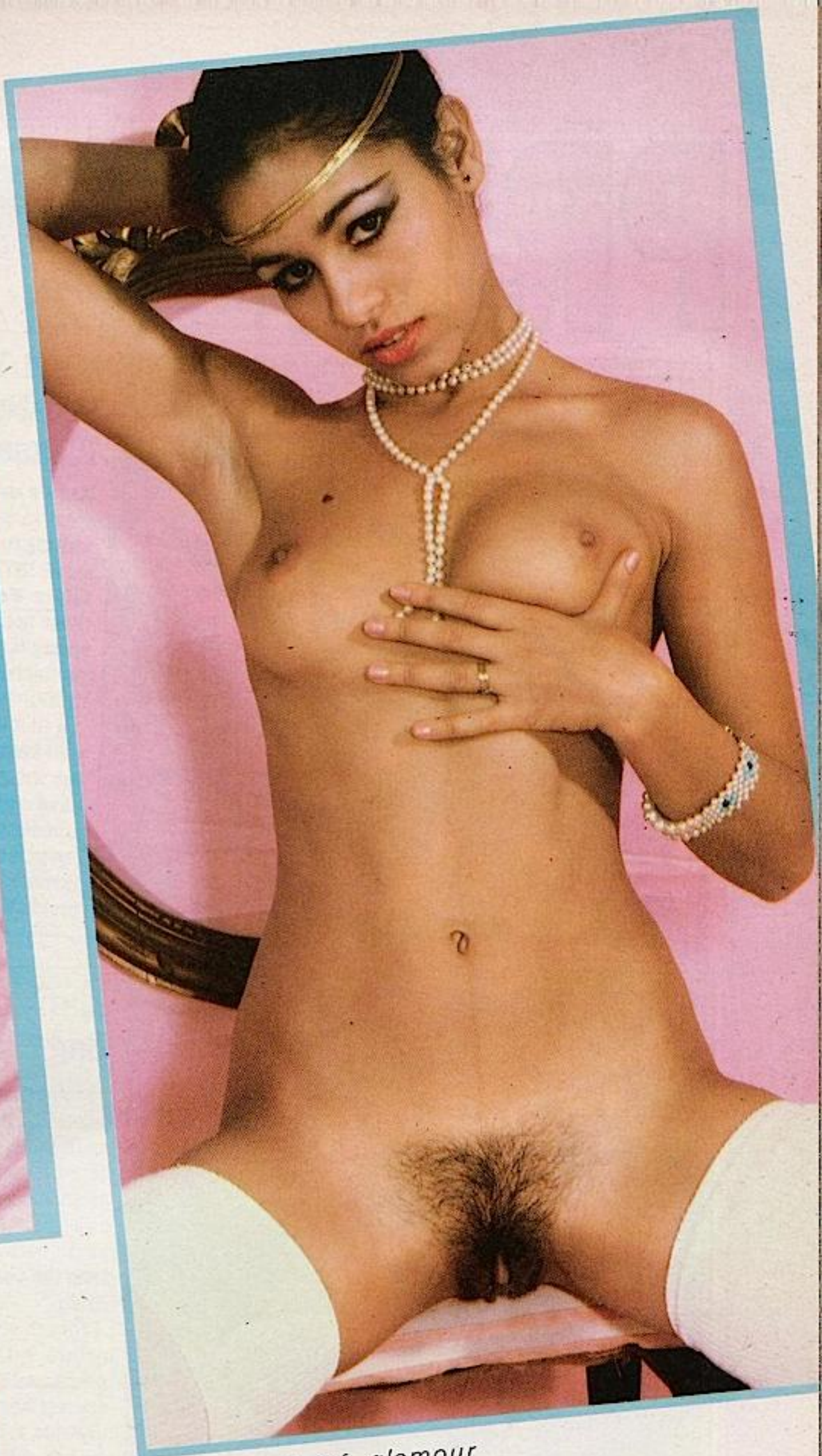




have to be incredibly thin!). Mind you, in those days she probably remembered to wear knickers — she's definitely improved with age. As a tennis player she models herself on Rosie Casals, as a model her future's looking rosy. Serge is one of the all-







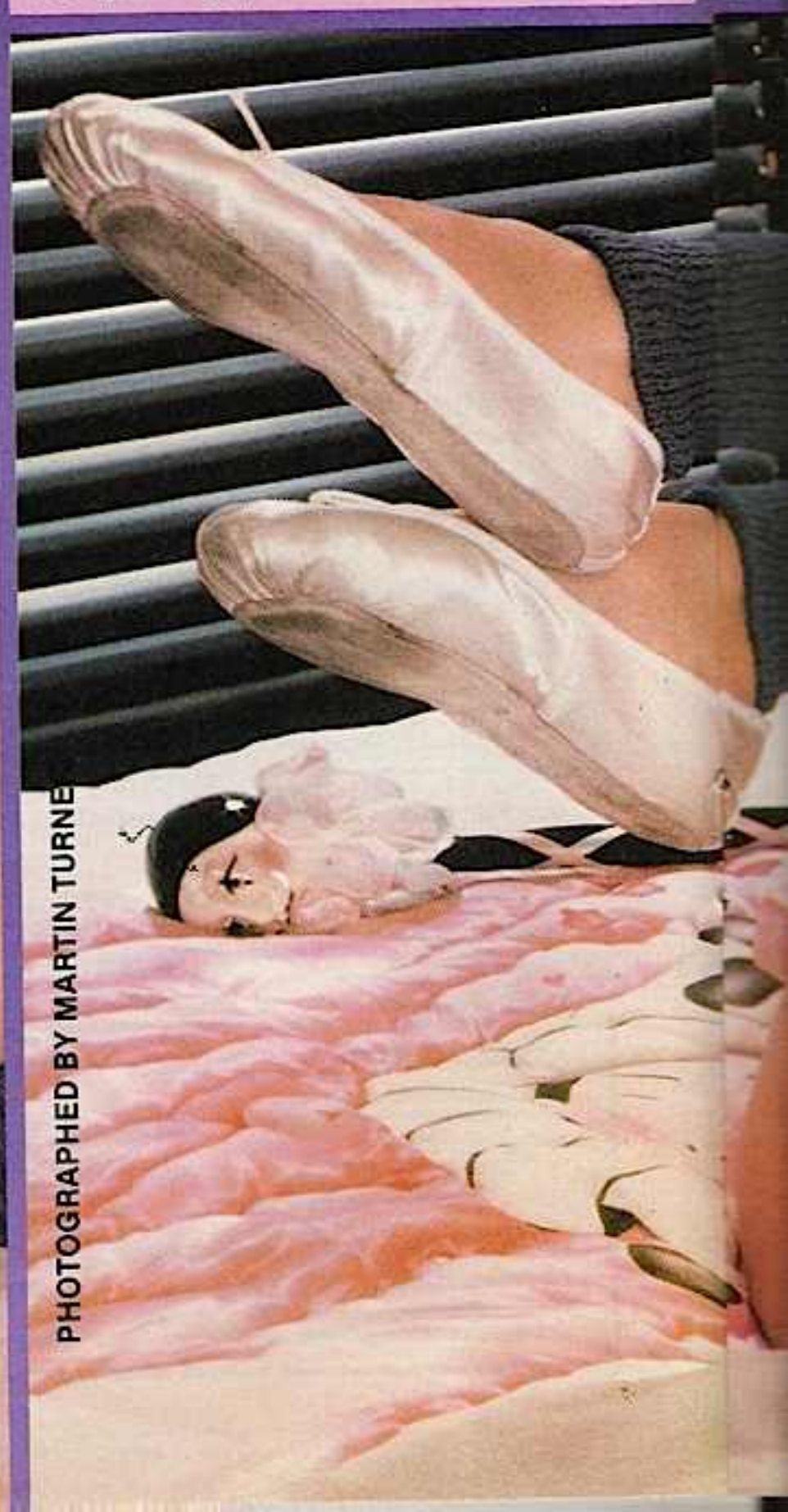
time greats of glamour photography, and he didn't get where he is today by working with second rate models. Bobby-Lou is abso-posi-lutely delicious, and if the tennis circuit lets her down — she can always make a modelling come-back.



A woman with dark, wavy hair is posing on a bed. She is wearing a pink, ruffled, off-the-shoulder top and matching shorts. She is also wearing gold, high-heeled boots and black socks. She is looking over her shoulder at the camera. The background consists of dark, horizontal blinds.

Fiona

Her Persian parents moved to Bordeaux when she was a kid and, two years ago, when she was 17, she went to live with relatives in South Carolina. Now she speaks English with an amazing American/French accent. She found the boys there brash and boring and fell in love with two members of a Scottish rock band on tour. They fell out over her and split up, but not before they had brought her to Britain. Since then she's been flitting from penthouse suite to high class club, waiting for a pass from Mr. Right. All of which might be easier to understand when we tell you that, in the flesh, she is the centre of a sexual fall-out zone. One look and all is lost. (So who's complaining?)

A woman is lying on a bed, wearing a pink, ruffled, off-the-shoulder top and matching shorts. She is also wearing gold, high-heeled boots and black socks. She is looking towards the camera. The background consists of dark, horizontal blinds.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARTIN TURNER









F I O N A
IKNAVE
MAGAZINE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY FRANK STEWART

KYRA

Here is Kyra on manoeuvres. She's got all the World War Two gear. She's got the gun, the haversack and a nice line in helmets. But she's got it all wrong.

We tried to explain that for a change we wanted to create a psycho-sexual image of subliminal erotica – with the odd Jungian archetype thrown in. She looked upset.

"I know what you're up to," she declared, "you're trying to make me keep my clothes on. Well it's not fair – I want to be sexy like you promised!"

We struggled briefly with the Editorial conscience. Which was more important – visual verisimilitude or giving Kyra a chance to get her jollies?

"Please can I take my knickers off?"

What could we say?









Tracy Baxter



AMATEUR MODEL OF THE MONTH

When she was on holiday Tracy, who comes from Kent, entered a beauty contest as a joke — and won! Not hard to see why. She is an undeniably beautiful girl, with poise and charm to spare and a slim but graceful figure. Whether or not she could have made it as a fully fledged beauty queen we'll never know — but she's a smash hit as a first time model. True to form she was rather shy to begin with, but we have a little poise and charm of our own so everything went smoothly. Now, not surprisingly, she's thinking of taking up modelling full-time. When you see her next — remember where you saw her first.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAVID PAUL







A STAR FOR A DAY
Experience a little glamour under the lights and prove you're as good as our other models. As our Amateur Model of the Month you'll be the star of a photo-session shot by a professional photographer in a fully equipped studio — and with a top make-up artist in attendance. So come on girls, send us three recent pictures of yourself (preferably nude) with your name and address included. Your modelling fee will be £150 — and there's a further £25 for the enterprising photographer who brings you to our attention. Let's hear from you **now**.





W E N D Y

PHOTOGRAPHED BY STEPHEN HICKS



Were she American she'd be weird, wacky or out to lunch. However as a pure-bred English gal from the Shires, she's just daft. Appealingly so, but as-a-brush daft nonetheless. She once walked out on a man she fancied because she found he was the wrong star sign. She used her cash card to pay off her overdraft. And she hates making love in bed. "I don't like it *on* the bed, if you see what I mean. I like to be more active, kneeling on a chair or getting on top of my lover. I suppose I just don't take it lying down. Oh — I've made a joke!"

Believe it or not we laughed, albeit a little hysterically. It's the way she tells 'em. Lying there legs akimbo and smiling.







